

The Children's Newspaper, June 6, 1942

THE DAY WILL COME

ZEBACHIAH'S Jerusalem has come again. His city, we remember, was full of boys and girls playing in the streets. Our children play not in the streets, but in the fields it is a glorious sight to see them. Who does not feel, seeing a field full of laughing children, that there is hope for the world?

The dark hours of Dunkirk are receding into the Past, but one flash of light from those days Time will not blot out from the memory of him who writes. It was nothing, perhaps, for it was but a little child in blue running along the station platform; and yet it was like a trailing cloud of glory on that day of almost impenetrable gloom. The Past was dying, the Present was breaking our hearts, but the Future was laughing and running and dancing. Something was here for tears on that dark day as the little girl in blue flashed like a vision across the scene, and one could not but think of the words:

*Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they,
Let them not pass like weeds away,
Their heritage a sunless day.*

Something Climbing

It is two long years ago and the Wheel of Time has turned again. We are at the beginning of the Island's Hundred Days when all the hills are clothed in green and gold, the little gardens are bordered with white arabis and mauve aubrietia, the woods have said goodbye to the bluebells, but Queen Anne's Lace is out, the buttercups and daisies have come for us as they came for Herrick and Wordsworth, and the gardens are hurrying to look like rainbows fallen from the sky.

EVERY clod of earth has begun to stir and is instinct with desire to send something climbing—a blade of grass, a rose, a blue cornflower, a golden buddleia, a glorious sunflower that will greet the sun in the east and turn round to pay it homage in the west.

Or perhaps it sends the thrill of life through a mighty oak that has seen the centuries pass; or up to the highest leaf of a stately beech, or to the sharpest needle of the pine that crowns the hill. Certainly the earth is stirring everywhere we look, throbbing with life. The time of the singing of birds and the beating of human hearts is come. It is like Nature's tonic for a much-tried people.

Utmost For the Highest

Of course we all love summer. Winter is trying us and testing us; summer is filling us with the joy of life. It is the youth of Time, with spring eternal in the heart of Life. We feel the glory of the world about us, the good in everything. We feel within us a new strength and a boundless purpose, and the power to see that it is fulfilled. In these Hundred Days, when nothing on the earth can surpass the beauty of our Island, the future of mankind is in the balances. Before these Hundred Days are passed the Keys of Peace may have been forged or fresh multitudes of human lives may be in chains.

We have come to the time when the spirit of man must save the cause of freedom or the world must perish. We stand grappling with the powers of darkness on the precipice of fate, and one of us must fall. It will need every breath of life we have to save us, every ounce of strength we can exert, every impulse of a noble spirit in these islands. It will need that every man and woman and youth who understands the gravity of life shall dedicate every hour of every day to the motto of our salvation: *The Utmost for the Highest.*

It is not too much to ask us for the world that has given us all we have, the land that has made us free, the children we have set on their way through the years, and the hopes we have implanted in them. It is not too much to ask that we shall give up everything to save the generation growing up, these children with the future of our nation in them, from misery worse than death.

The Last Crusade

We came into the war for others. We entered it as entering on the Last Crusade. Now we are in it for ourselves, to save ourselves from slavery, hunger, and death. We are fighting for survival that we may carry on the civilising work of the world. We are seeking to save for mankind the tradition and the inspiration of the country that has laid down the path of happiness and liberty and peace for all men and all nations.

FOR this we must give up all we have, do all we may, save all we can. We must strengthen the forces of victory that the victory may come with no uncertain sound. We must pick up the spirit that is stirring at the heart of Nature and remember that we are Nature's Partners.

"God is at the anvil, beating out the sun," the poet says of summer; and to our anvil of fate every one of us must bring our lives at last, beating out freedom and all that makes it good to be alive. If the windows of heaven were opened we could have no greater glory to look upon than this enchanting summer scene about us; if we were all kings and queens we could have no greater power than comes to every one of us in this tremendous hour.

We have to give up every touch of selfishness and every thought of self alone. We have to love our neighbour and our country and feel that we are part of them. We have to give our strength to the last gasp. We have to convoy our own lives to the heart of this great battlefield across the sea of all our cares and interests, by all the hopes we have, all our yearnings, our prayers, our moral powers, our spiritual strength. There is something in the air, as men say. There is a stirring in the slave dens of Europe. There is growing up a power of freedom that nothing can resist and no power of darkness can overcome. It needs a little more, a quickening of the home front to make it worthy of the front on which men die for you and me. If we do our utmost for the highest there is awaiting us the dazzling prize of peace for all the generations coming on. Immortal Dawn indeed.

The Dawn

It was a great Indian poet who said that Dawn sleeps in the hills while the stars hold their breath counting the hours, and a fine American naturalist said that though he never was able to assist the sun in its rising he always felt it important to be present. So impressive an event will our Dawn be that the stars may well hold their breath and we may well long to be present. Steadily, inexorably, it is being created for us in the furnaces of fate.

SOMETHING in the air, do men say? Yes, something coming out of the night of all this anguish:

*Out of the scabbard of the night
By God's hand drawn,
Flashes the shining sword of light,
And lo, the Dawn!* Arthur Mee

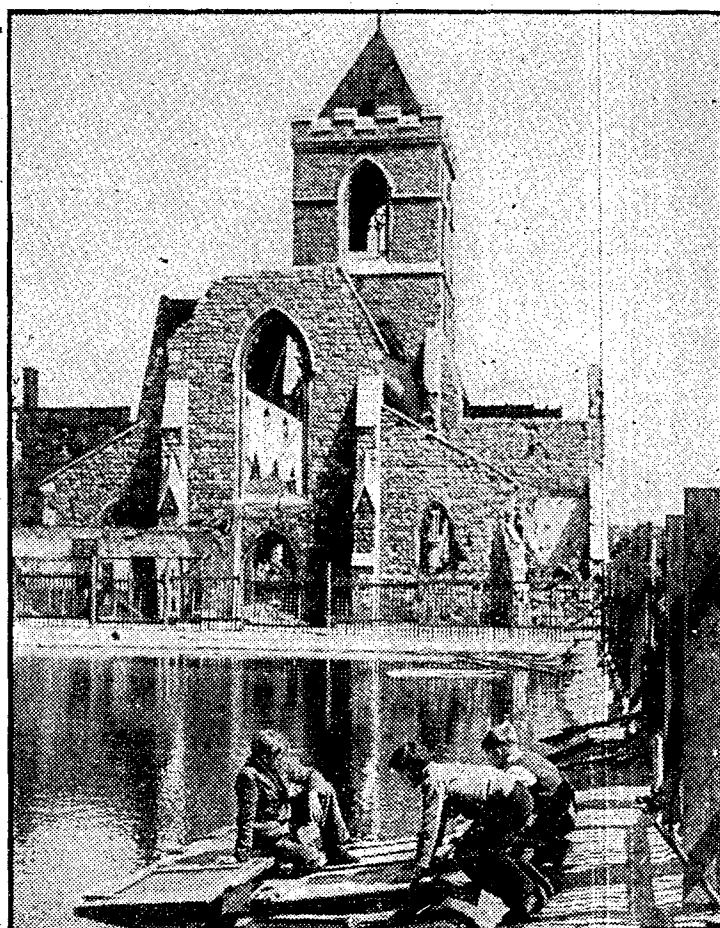
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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

In London Town



WEST—An allotment-holder at work in Kensington Gardens near the Albert Memorial



EAST—An emergency water supply beside a bombed church in Poplar

THE AGE OF THE COMMON MAN

The Vice-President Speaks

THE Vice-President of the United States has made himself immensely popular by a speech which has been widely printed and applauded throughout America. It is quite clear from this speech that there are at least two possible presidents to follow Mr Roosevelt in the Great Peace, Mr Wallace and Mr Willkie.

Mr Wallace believes that this is the Century of the Common Man. He said to Madame Litvinov, half in fun, half in earnest, the other day that the war was to make sure that everybody in the world could drink a quart of milk a day, meaning that the peace must bring a better standard of living for the common man.

Science, he said, has power beyond our dreams, and it must be released from German slavery. We shall prevent the Germans from building another war machine while we sleep, and with international monopoly pools under control it will be possible for inventions to serve all the people instead of only a few. We cannot carry on economic warfare without sowing the seeds of military warfare. We must use our power at the peace table to produce a peace that is just, charitable, and enduring, no nations exploiting others. The methods of the 19th century will not work in the

people's century about to dawn. America," said Mr Wallace, would need all its courage in the next few months, but he concluded:

"There is abject fear in the heart of the madman and a growing discontent among his people as he prepares for his last all-out offensive. The convulsive efforts of the dying madman will be so great that some of us may be deceived into thinking that the situation is bad at a time when it is really getting better.

"There can be no half measures. The will of the American people is for complete victory. No compromise with Satan is possible. We shall not rest until all the victims under the Nazi yoke are freed. We shall fight for a complete peace as well as a complete victory. Strong in the strength of the Lord, we who fight in the people's cause will never stop until that cause is won."

Butterfly Swarms

OUR article on Butterflies and Bees has recalled to a reader at Marsworth, near Tring, a wonderful experience at Rams-gate some years ago. She writes:

Some visitors drew my attention to a misty-looking cloud about a quarter of a mile above the surface of the sea and approaching nearer and nearer to the harbour. It was a day when the air was shimmering with the intensity of a heat wave; not a real cloud was to be seen. Suddenly the misty-looking object burst upon us and upon the pier, and a marvellous transformation scene ensued. We were smothered with thousands of exotic-coloured butterflies and insects of every description, large, and small, and minute.

We closed our mouths, and, placing our hands in front of our eyes, tried to peer through our partly opened fingers. We could not take a step without crushing many of these beautiful creatures, which seemed almost too exhausted to move from where they had alighted. A living carpet!

We shook ourselves gently, so that our apparel of living colours dropped from our heads, faces, shoulders, and clothing to the ground. Then we saw that this living mass of colour covered half the pier, which is a quarter of a mile long.

Our correspondent was certainly the witness of a scene rare in this country, but swarms of the Painted Lady butterfly may be dumped down in almost any part of the world except the Arctic regions. Other butterflies with migratory instincts are the Red Admiral, Camberwell Beauty, Clouded Yellow, Large White, Small White, and Green-veined White. Among other insects that migrate the locust, of course, is the most famous; but there are also migrating dragon-flies, hover-flies, ladybird beetles, and aphides on which ladybirds feed. Some European hawkmoths are sometimes blown far inland, and will deposit their eggs in town gardens. Imagine the surprise of the allotment holder finding

among his potatoes a creature about five inches long, and as thick as his thumb, in colour a brilliant green, with seven stripes of violet and yellow down each side of its body, and a curious curved horn at its tail end! The gardener may be forgiven for assuming that his visitor is some poisonous reptile, but it is the caterpillar of the Death's Head Hawkmoth, which has emerged from the egg laid earlier in the year by some migrant from the Continent.

Of ladybirds and their prey there is a curious story from Lincolnshire. Some years ago a yachtsman reported that 13 miles off the coast he had sailed through a band of dead ladybirds about ten feet broad but over two miles long. On the same day and near the same spot another yachtsman reported having sailed through numerous belts of winged aphides, from a few yards to hundreds of yards in width. Here, evidently, was one of those not infrequent failures in migration, both the aphides and their pursuing foes failing to make the crossing.

When our insect visitors succeed in landing they are usually so exhausted that they can be picked up with ease, but after a day's rest they recover.

The Blue Tit in the Letter-Box

Following on our story of Robin Steadfast, a C N reader in Yorkshire has written to tell us that a blue tit has built her nest in a letter-box and hatched out her young.

All the time she was sitting the letters were dropped in the box daily, and a man actually painted the box before the presence of the bird was discovered. Through all this the blue tit carried on, until she and her little family left their gaily-painted home for the garden.

Little News Reels

THE original charter of Henry the Eighth for the founding of the bishopric of Peterborough has been discovered among waste paper.

The Post Office sends out about 100,000 greeting telegrams a week; the gold envelope is now changed to azure blue.

A travelling library with 1500 books has been presented to the Women's Voluntary Services by the people of Barbados, for the use of isolated units in the Eastern Command.

DEMOLITIONS in Market Square, Dover, have revealed a part of the ruins of the church of St Martin-le-Grand, originally built by King Withred in 696 and restored after the Norman conquest. The church was Dover's mother church until its destruction by Thomas Cromwell and King Henry the Eighth.

Teachers are asking for a bonus of £1 a week and miners for a minimum wage of £4 5s.

To meet the demand for ships, Canada's West Coast shipyard unions have agreed to operate 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

AN American seaman has been rescued after living on a raft for 40 days, with nothing but rainwater and fish to sustain him for three weeks.

Queen Mary has been helping some soldiers to cut a tree on her estate in the West Country.

After the wreck of their ship in the Atlantic, 16 British seamen rowed and sailed their boat for 300 miles and reached Ireland safely.

BRISTOL shops which remained open an hour later on Friday night for the convenience of women war-workers have ceased to do so as it proved a failure.

A Scottish postwoman has retired after 40 years' service, not having been absent one day.

Scout and Guide News Reel

AMONG presents already received for Baden-Powell House is a Blue John Bowl made from the famous blue stone of the North Derbyshire caves; it is given by Derbyshire Scouts.

Nearly 400 Scouts were on duty during and following the recent raids on Norwich; hundreds of Morrison shelters they had helped to erect were the means of saving lives.

Sea Rangers of the newly formed crew at Guildford help daily with the washing-up at a local hospital, and also give physical training instruction at a hostel for evacuees.

The Bronze Cross, the Scouts' V.C., has been presented to the mother of Patrol-Second L. H. E. Humphries, of Brosely, who lost his life when trying to save another Scout from drowning in the Severn.

Nine-year-old Kathleen Ryan, a Brownie of the 3rd Westminster Pack, rescued her little brother from drowning in an emergency water-supply reservoir.

THINGS SEEN

A tree grown from orange pipes bearing fruit at Brighton.

An egg laid by a duck in the fountain under Nelson's Column.

Women working on Sunday, for the first time in living memory, in a Kent hop-garden.

A SEED ALIVE FOR CENTURIES

Brought to Life in the Battle of Britain

THE tales of the Battle of Britain are countless, but one of the most remarkable of all is surely that of three seeds that have come to life in the third century of their existence.

Though there is nothing known to science to support the superstition that mummy seeds will grow, some striking examples have lately been reported of seeds having great length of life. It was known that certain seeds in certain circumstances have remained alive for as long as 150 years, and the Department of Botany at the Natural History Museum has now to lengthen this period to 237 years.

It happened that certain seeds of a plant allied to mimosa (Albizia Julibrissin) became damp after a fire at the museum during the Battle of Britain. The seeds had been collected in China by Sir George Staunton in 1793, when he went out with Lord Macartney on a mission to Peking, and had lain in the case at South Kensington for 147 years when they were disturbed during an air-raid in 1940. That was in September, and in November, when the box of seeds was opened

for examination, it was found that they had germinated, presumably after being drenched.

The discovery was of the utmost interest to Dr Ramsbottom, the Keeper of the Department, and three of the seedlings were sent to the Chelsea Physic Garden. There were more adventures for them here, for two of them were lost in a raid; but Number Three is still growing.

Since this remarkable event Dr Ramsbottom has been inspired to take a single seed of the sacred lotus of the Nile (Nelumbium Speciosum) from the herbarium of Sir Hans Sloane, who died nearly 200 years ago, and has treated it with sulphuric acid, watered it well, and had the great satisfaction of seeing it shoot out half an inch long within 21 hours. It has continued to grow rapidly and is now at Kew, doing well. It is this seed which has grown after a period of 237 years, the longest life known to exist in any seed.

A Great Man of Kent

AN Old Boy of Marlborough who became a great figure in the world of industry has just passed away in South Africa. He was Mr Everard Hesketh, who went to South Africa for a long holiday before the war, and did not return to his beloved world of Kent, where he was for so long a shining example to all men. He lived 88 years and they were years crowded with industry and devotion to fine things.

He was for more than a generation one of the best-known men in Dartford, for he was chairman of the engineering works of J. and E. Hall, one of the oldest existing works in the kingdom, where Richard Trevithick spent the last years of his adventurous life, being buried by his workmates to save him from a pauper's grave. It was owing to the public spirit of Mr Hesketh that a memorial to Trevithick was put in Dartford Church.

Mr Hesketh entered the works as a draughtsman in 1878 and came into control of them within a year. He was the finest man

the works had ever known. They had been allowed to go down, but with his wonderful energy he re-created them and introduced a new field of manufacture for them. He started making refrigerating machinery, and his success made the firm famous on all the seas, for much more than half the refrigerating machinery at sea comes from Hall's.

Busy as he was as an engineer, he found time for public service on the County Council and Dartford Town Council, and he was deeply interested in hospital work, his wife (who survives him) being one of the pioneers of healing by light. No man worked harder or served his country more nobly than Everard Hesketh. He was in every sense a Christian Englishman. It is only a few weeks since the editor of the C N had a letter from him revealing his deep anxiety for the future of the country. Even at 88 his mind was set on such problems, for his heart was set on doing whatever could be done to secure a tranquil life for all.

LONDON HISTORIAN

Mr Walter G. Bell, who has ended his long life and his splendid work, was one of London's historians and one of the best authorities on its historic past. It was he who discovered that Pepys was a Londoner, born off Fleet Street, and not a man of Cromwell's county. Mr Bell will be much missed, for he was a delightful character and a knowledgeable man. Though we never met him, we well remember that, unknown to us, he read the proofs of the King's England volume on London, and, when he had finished, wrote on them, "This is a most excellent book." A new edition of this volume is now printing.

Something New For the Abbey

The C N has already told the story of the refugee sculptor Benno Elkan, who came to this country in 1933 and has done much fine work for our churches and colleges, and for Westminster Abbey, where his bronze candelabrum, representing the Old Testament, was placed some time ago. A New Testament candelabrum has now been consecrated in the Abbey. Both are 6 feet high and 7 feet wide, and the new one bears 24 groups of sculpture framed in the branches of the bronze tree, having altogether nearly fifty figures representing the life of Our Lord.

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THE LOCAL BRAINS TRUST

Small imitations of the Brains Trust are being set up by amateurs in towns and even villages all over the country, where the questioners meet the local Brains Trust face to face: and can heckle them.

A characteristic story comes from Edinburgh where the Trust was asked "Why were we put into the world to die?" and were responding solemnly that we were put into it to live when the questioner broke in with his own answer which was, "Ye see, if we didna dee there'd be no room for the other fellows." This reminded the listener of the story of the schoolboy who, in answer to the question "If Alexander were alive what would be his view on current politics?" wrote: "If Alexander were alive now he would be too old to take any interest in 'politics.'" Some of the higher Brains Trust colloquies take us, no farther.

THE INSPECTOR'S WAY

Experto crede—trust one who has tried, the ancients used to say. A correspondent, warning readers in districts where thieves are now active, applies the motto to what a London police inspector has been saying.

When people leave their houses by day it is possible that the dwelling is being watched by these miserable thieves, who break in as soon as the owner is out of sight. "What I do," says the inspector, "when my wife and I leave the house together, is to turn back when closing the front door, and appear to engage in conversation with someone left behind in the empty house; no one will enter a place which he believes to be occupied." Trust one who has tried!

THE GUEST HOUSE

Sheffield has had a good idea. Many soldiers in the neighbourhood are too far from home to make the journey worth while unless they are granted a leave of four or five days. But their wives are often in a position to travel to Sheffield, so the voluntary workers of a Service Club have secured a house, painted and papered it, furnished it tastefully, and put it at the disposal of men who have only short leave.

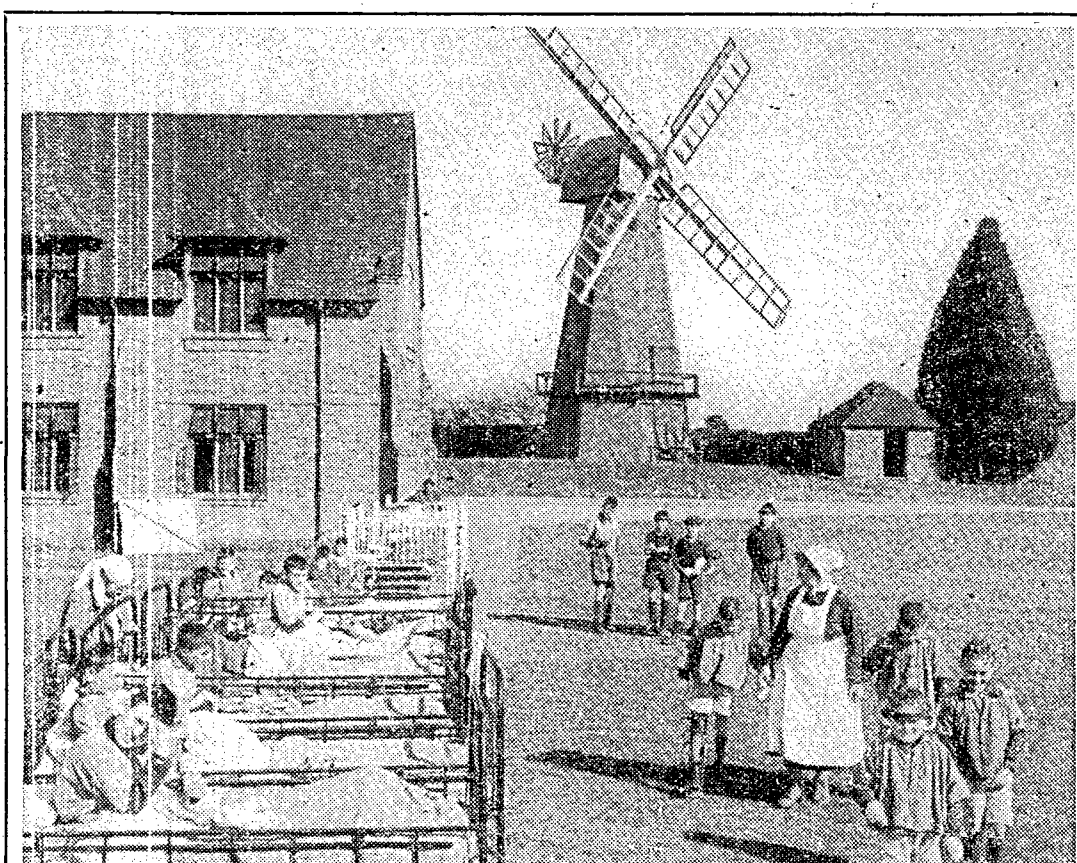
Each room is a bed-sitting room, and soldiers and their wives and children may have a room for 1s 6d a day. It is a happy inspiration, and one which has been much appreciated.

The University Way to the RAF

It is a good omen for the future of our race that most boys want to fly. With the example ever before them of "those few to whom so many owe so much" it could scarcely be otherwise.

Another thing which appeals to many boys is the chance to go to a University; but, alas, it is possible for all too few.

The RAF offers both these opportunities to the right type of boy who has attained School Certificate standard of proficiency and who is not more than 18½ and not less than 17½ on July 1. The University course is for six months and it has a wide choice of subjects, including mathematics, science, modern European and American history, economics, and political institutions. While at the University candidates are members of the University Air



Children from bombed homes brought back to health at the Heritage Craft Schools for Cripples at Chailey, in the middle of Sussex

BBC VULGARITY

DEAR EDITOR, I was glad to see one of your editorial notes headed "Vulgarity at the BBC." I do hope you will continue to protest about this thing. As a teacher, how can I correct children when they hear this sort of thing on the wireless repeatedly? We say we are working for a better world, but are we? M. CROOK, Birmingham.

THE SHELTER STRAD

Once leader of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Professor Arnold Rose is now in London. Bent and old and grey-haired, he lives for music alone; and if he were asked to name his greatest possession he would certainly say that it is his Strad violin. It may be the only Strad that has been played in an air-raid shelter.

Last winter Professor Rose lived in Maida Vale, and during the raids he entertained shelterers in a cellar kitchen by playing on a fiddle worth at least £3000.

Squadron and receive training in RAF ground duties with a special view to their becoming officers. This, of course, depends on their success during the six-months course and subsequently at the flying training school.

For those who choose to return to the Universities after the war the authorities will recognise the time spent on this special course as counting towards a degree. For the six-months course the Air Ministry pays for the cost of tuition and books, board and lodging, medical treatment, and library and games subscriptions.

Nominations from headmasters must reach the Air Ministry by July 1. Ask your headmaster for further particulars, or write to the Air Ministry (P.7), London.

The Englishman's Farewell to His Steed

MR LESLIE WEATHERHEAD, of the City Temple, tells us that he had a fine Arab horse in the last war.

The horse was most patient in plodding about the camp and the streets of the town.

One day, however, he took it out to the edge of the desert, where there was nothing but desert for a hundred miles. Immediately the horse threw up its head and bolted straight for the horizon. The desert was in its very bones and the call was irresistible.

We can imagine that the bewildered horseman, left on the edge of the desert without his horse, remembered a more faithful steed of which every schoolboy knows:

*My beautiful, my beautiful, that
standest meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and
glossy neck, and dark and fiery
eye!
Fret not to roam the desert now
with all thy winged speed:
I may not mount on thee again—
—thou'rt gone, my Arab steed!*

*The morning sun shall dawn
again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop o'er the desert
paths, where we were wont to
be;
Evening shall darken on the
earth, and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower
step, shall bear me home again.*

NORWICH CHILDREN

The headmaster of a Norwich school declares that the children of that town were splendid in the recent air raids. A small junior arrived saying quite cheerfully:

*Daddy's shop went on Monday
and so did Granny's house; and
they got Auntie's house last night,
so we are very full up.*

The headmaster thinks it is a very healthy sign that children should have such good morale.

GIVE A LITTLE EXTRA

The National Flag Day of the Red Cross is fixed in London for June 9, and in the counties on the day in the same week most convenient for the collection of a record sum.

They need every pound and penny they can get this time, for they are spending £100,000 a week on their works of mercy and will certainly be able to spend much more in the immediate future.

We ask all CN readers to begin at once to put aside all they can for the important Flag Day, so that the splendid work of the Red Cross at home and abroad shall not be stinted. It means strength and hope and almost everything to those who receive its benefits.

The slogan this year is Give a Little Extra, a slogan the CN wholeheartedly endorses.

THE ROSE FOR BETTER DAYS

"Better Times," a new rose grown in Indiana, is said to have rescued the florists of Indiana from the depths of a trade depression. No doubt it would smell as sweet by any other name, but the name it bears seems to have been aptly chosen.

The Boy Who Gave His Life For Coal

It is over twenty years since the CN began protesting against boys in coal mines, and we regret to have to print this paragraph this week.

How easily it is forgotten that the getting of coal costs the nation about 1000 lives every year.

The coroner at Blackwood in Monmouthshire was moved to serious comment when conducting an inquest on a boy of 15 who was killed by a colliery accident the other day.

"It is a tragedy," he said, "that such a young boy, a child, should have met his death in a

WHY NOT HELP THE POST OFFICE?

A quarter of a century has passed since the Government, in order to hasten and simplify the delivery of letters and ease the labours of sorters and postmen, divided London into postal areas and issued a directory showing the initials of the districts and the number of the office of delivery for every street and place in the capital.

A grown-up tells us that during a recent week he received missives from three London firms, of which not one included in its printed heading the particulars set out by the Post Office. One of these firms employs hundreds of workmen and carries out contracts far and near, so that it must have an immense correspondence, yet their letter headings give no clue to the magic letters which help the work of the Post Office so much. It seems unfair.

HALF AS OLD AS TIME

A new candidate for the distinction of being half as old as Time has appeared in the Adirondack Mountains, situated in the uplands of New York State. The claim is based on an examination of the mineral aluminite found in its rock, where the mixture of thorium and lead shows that it is 1100 million years old. The age of the Earth is accepted as 2000 million years.

But the Adirondacks do not stand alone. They are separated from the Laurentian Highlands of Canada by the St Lawrence River, and these are believed to be of the same age. The phrase "half as old as Time" first applied to a "rose red city" in the Sinai peninsula by an Oxford poet in a Newdigate prize poem has now a stronger claim to immortality. Thorium, a radioactive mineral, decays into lead, and the properties of the two when in contact spell the tale of years.

THE GLOOMY FELLOW

Miss Margaret Baker has written an admirable little sixpenny book (Rush & Warwick, Bedford) on "The Joy of Living." It tells us how to be healthy and warns us of the true place of alcohol in life. We see that it quotes an opinion of Mr St John Ervine which would greatly interest the MOI pamphleteer, who thinks we cannot be happy without beer. This is what Mr Ervine says:

"I cannot understand how sots have succeeded in making the world believe that the drinkers are jolly fellows. For sheer gloom commend me to the habitual bibber. I fly him as I would fly the fiend."

The EDITOR'S TABLE

THE MISERABLES

FOR many weeks the Germans wondered why everyone who passed a certain bookshop in Paris would smile to himself.

All the books had been taken out and two huge portraits filled the window, one of Hitler and one of Mussolini.

Between these gangsters was a small volume of Victor Hugo's Les Miserables!

When the Nazis understood what it was all about they closed the shop.

Sad Case of Human Ruin

THE case of a responsible official at the General Post Office, nearly 60, who was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for stealing postal packets, adds another to cases in which men, after a lifetime of honourable service, have been reduced to ruin and misery by common theft. In this case the man had been in the service 39 years, and was due to retire in two years with a bonus of £600 and a pension of £4 10s a week. The judge said to him, "When almost inside the harbour you scuttled your own ship."

Alas for human nature that, in so many cases, a man grows up without the self-respect which makes it impossible to succumb to such temptation. It should be impossible for any self-respecting person even to contemplate theft; but there is no means of safeguarding character except the acquirement in youth of a right attitude against evil. No one can save a human being from ruin except himself.

Twins in Trafalgar Square

THOUGH George the Third is no longer galloping away from him in Pall Mall, George Washington stands calm and unafraid at the corner of Trafalgar Square, and it was good the other day to see, sitting and lying on the green turf all about him, a little group of happy people eating their lunches or sleeping through dreams in the midday sunshine.

Under the Editor's Table

COOKING meat in a casserole is said to bring out the flavour. We would rather keep it in.

FUEL rationing is put off. But more fuel must not be put on.

SOME schools are giving lessons in bricklaying. Some scholars may be thinking Teacher is a brick.

KENT is looking for fresh water supplies. Boring work.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a frog jumps to conclusions

1904—1942

THE star quacks are not so young as they seem, after all, for in the diary of a newspaper office we come upon the story of a middle-aged lady of shabby genteel appearance suggestive of Bloomsbury who called at the office to see "someone of importance."

It appeared that she had visited every newspaper office in London without being allowed to see a single editor, and on this occasion, lamenting that no gentleman would see her, she greeted a lady member of the staff with the pathetic words, "Are you anybody of importance?"

Her object was to bring before the public her extraordinary powers of controlling human destinies through the weather; and "I control the stars and the moon," she said; "I gave a fine day for the coronation."

That was in 1904. The only difference seems to be that in 1942 the Horror-Scopers are on the staff; in 1904 they were the mental cases who called to see the editor.

The Bishop and the Emperor

WE rarely look through The Cantuarian, the organ of the King's School, Canterbury (now basking in the sunshine of the Cornish Riviera), without finding something of good cheer. This time we find a letter from the Bishop of Khartoum, who has been stranded for four days in a mosquito-ridden spot on the Nile. Dr Gelsthorpe, who is an Old King's Scholar, now has Abyssinia in his diocese, and has seen quite a lot of the Emperor Haile Selassie. The bishop is wishing he had paid more attention to his French while at King's, for when he first met his majesty the Emperor asked him to speak French. He did so, but after a few sentences the Emperor said (kindly, we are sure), "It will be better if you speak in English."

JUST AN IDEA

Perhaps we do not think of Dickens in these days, but this word from him is worth while: "Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts."

War and Famine

WAR has always brought about the widespread destruction of property, but not since ancient times have we had the deliberate pursuit of a "scorched earth" policy, the destruction of the very means of life.

Someone has described scorched earth as meaning the burning of towns and villages and the destruction of livestock, crops, and all things that cannot be successfully carried away by the defeated.

We have no means of knowing to what extent this policy has been carried out in various places, but we have seen photographs of burning villages and of destroyed works and buildings. Few people, we fear, realise that if such a policy is thoroughly carried out it must necessarily be followed by famine of a type unknown before, because populations are now so enormous and call for such gigantic quantities of food.

MUCH depends on the question of degree. If in a population of great extent destruction visited the greater part of the cultivated lands and the homes and tackle connected with them, science could do little or nothing to prevent the sweep of famine which would doom millions of innocent sufferers. It is for this reason that the increasing help of science is needed, as Sir Richard Gregory has recognised in the conferences of scientists that he has called together during his Presidency of the British Association. We must hope that the whole question of destruction is being thrashed out from every point of view.

A Child's Answer

WE were walking in the country with David, a very little fellow. Presently we paused to watch a bird hopping in and out of the hedge, building its nest.

For a long time the child looked on. Then he asked, "But how does it know what to do?"

The question was not easy. "Well," we began, "it is instinct, you know..."

David did not seem impressed, and eventually he replied, "You may call it what you like, but I think God tells it what to do."

The simplicity of the answer seemed to us as profound as anything the scientists have to tell us; and there came to mind the words of W. H. Carruth:

*A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;*

*Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod:
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.*



War Dog

Fixing a message to one of the dogs trained to work with the Army. Dogs can often get through successfully where it would be impossible for soldiers to do so

The Story of Twelve Young Men

IF there should be an outbreak of scabies in this country, as at the end of the last war, the Ministry of Health should know much better how to deal with it, thanks to Dr Kenneth Mellanby, of Sheffield, and twelve young men who are thought to be the first civilians in this country to be used as "subjects for medical research." They are conscientious objectors.

Little has been known hitherto of how scabies, an unpleasant and contagious skin disease causing a good deal of unhappiness, is transmitted.

A year ago these twelve men volunteered to be subjects for experiments, in the hope that more would be discovered about the disease. They have slept in infected blankets, worn infected clothing, and gone without baths for as much as three weeks—until it was settled that it made little difference to the progress of the disease whether they bathed or not. Some volunteers spent as much as twenty hours in bed at

a time wearing the clothing of patients who had had scabies.

The men have at the same time run the large house in Sheffield in which they live, doing their own catering, and have cultivated a considerable amount of land, taken lectures in first-aid, and made diet experiments—the latest of which has been to discover how shipwrecked men can best manage their rations, and how little water a day it is possible to exist on.

As a result of the scabies research up-to-date it has been ascertained that the disease takes more time to develop than had been supposed, and that in cases without complications it can be cured within 48 hours.

The expenses of this work have been paid by the Ministry of Health, the volunteers receiving the same pay as a soldier.

Over their mantelpiece the men have a homemade coat-of-arms, including scabies guardant, with a microscope as crest and the motto Itch Dien.

GALLOPING GERTIE

GALLOPING GERTIE, the suspension bridge over the Tacoma Narrows in Washington State, named because of its continual swaying in the wind, has already been mentioned in the C.N.

It is said of this unsteady bridge that at times it rolled about so much that it made timorous people seasick as they crossed by it. All that is now at an end; Galloping Gertie, which used to bound up and down even in a steady horizontal wind, has been brought to a standstill by a mathematical engineer, who,

having closely inquired into the movements, has stilled them by applying the right alterations to the structure.

It appears that Gertie suffered from what the mathematicians call "relaxation oscillations," which occur also when a flag flaps in a breeze or telegraph wires sing in light airs. These effects are lighter, but arise from similar causes. On the bridge the relaxation, though never ceasing, can be brought under safe limits, and this has now been done. The bridge is steady even in a gale.

These Three

These notes on Threes are sent to us by our old friend Revd Alfred Clegg from his manse at Dorrington, Shrewsbury, and we remember that he proposed that we should bring out the C N actually three half-years before the C N in fact was born.

THERE is a mystic fascination about the figure Three. Things have a remarkable way of falling into Threes.

Many of our phrases and slogans assume a threefold form. We speak of a hop, skip, and jump; good, better, best; good, bad, and indifferent; try, try, try again; lock, stock, and barrel; work, rest, and recreation.

The old standard of education was the three Rs—reading, writing, and arithmetic—which Sir Patrick Geddes suggested should give place to the three Hs, making the standard of education the training of the heart, head, and hand.

The Rule of Three

We give three cheers (hip, hip, hurrah) for the British Flag, with its three colours—red, white, and blue. We learn that there are three primary colours (red, blue, and yellow) from which all others can be made.

We have the Rule of Three in arithmetic; and Trigonometry, the science of triangles, is of the utmost importance in astronomy, surveying, and navigation.

We have three genders in grammar—masculine, feminine, and neuter.

The weights and measures tables tell us that three barley-corns make an inch; and that three feet make a yard. In fact, we find that our standards of measurement are three—yards, feet, and inches; and our standards of money are three—pounds, shillings, and pence.

Our standards of time, too, fall into groups of three. We speak of past, present, and future; and of day, month, and year. The day breaks up into morning, noon, and night; and into hours, minutes, and seconds.

Space has three dimensions—length, breadth, and height. We speak of sun, moon, and stars; and of earth, air, and water. Water itself has three forms—ice, liquid, and vapour. Every atom of matter has three elements—electrons, protons, and neutrons. Nature divides into the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms.

Childhood, Youth, and Age

Life is divided into childhood, youth, and age; into birth, marriage, and death. Three days, indeed, make up the whole of life—yesterday, today, and to-morrow.

We learn that there are three great relations in which life must be lived—towards God, towards self, and towards others: life upward, which is spiritual; life inward, which is moral; life outward, which is social.

The three essentials of a people are liberty, equality, and fraternity; or government of the people, by the people, for the people. But many are still thinking of society in terms of the upper, middle, and lower classes.

There are three elements in industry—labour, capital, and brains. When Andrew Carnegie was asked which was the most important of these he replied: "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

Our country, though democratic, is formally governed by king, lords, and commons. Parliament falls into three main political groups—labour, liberal, and conservatives. On any question discussed, there are three attitudes—the extremists for and against, and the moderates between.

It is said that to make the best use of life we must have three things: grit, grace, and gumption. Certainly, too, we must be upright, downright, and outright.

Tennyson says that three things alone lead life to sovereign power: self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control.

"Taking the first step with a good thought," says a Persian proverb, "and the second step with a good word, and the third step with a good deed, I enter Paradise."

Charles Kingsley told us that by doing noble deeds we make Life, Death, and the great Forever one grand sweet song.

The Bible

The Bible itself falls into three parts—Old Testament, New Testament, and Apocrypha.

God calls Samuel three times. Jesus is faced with three temptations. There are three glorified figures at the Transfiguration—Moses, Elijah, and Jesus—witnessed by three disciples—Peter, James, and John. Peter denies Jesus three times; and his love is afterwards tested three times. In Gethsemane Jesus prays three times that His cup might pass away. There are three crosses on Calvary. Jesus rose from the dead on the third day. Paul is caught up into the third heaven. The City of God, the new Jerusalem, has three gates on each side and is divided into three parts. God is the God that was, and is, and is to come. Christ is the same—yesterday, today, and forever.

There are three great Bible passages, in each of which occur three great ideas. The first is from Deuteronomy: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy might." That is, with all the three powers of personality—feeling, thought, and will.

The second passage is from Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with your God."

The third passage is from the New Testament: "Now abide faith, hope, love, these three."

HOLIDAY AT TOBRUK

Getting leave in Palestine is a rare and thrilling event, and the men who are hoping to secure a few days' break in routine spend hours discussing the merits of Cairo or Syria.

When a Free French lieutenant was granted leave not long ago he astonished the authorities by asking if he might spend it in Tobruk.

"But why Tobruk, of all places?" he was asked.

"My wife is serving there as a nurse," he said.

CARRY ON

SYMPHONY

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to hear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden, and unconscious, grow up through the uncommon; this is to be my symphony.

William Henry Channing

God Give Us Strength and Courage

God give us strength and courage To overcome our fears; To hear the worst, and, smiling, To be too proud for tears.

God guide us in our toiling That we with head or hand May do our task forthrightly In air, at sea, on land.

God bless us in our waiting For news of those we love; And give us needed comfort, A whisper from above.

God heal all hearts now broken, All sufferers in pain; God be with all far from us And bring them home again.

God save our hearts from rancour, Our souls make brave and free; God give us faith and vision In days that are to be. H. L. G.

Nations and Men Will Find Their Path

As this is written the rooks are wheeling round in their mysterious circles, hundreds of them sweeping through space in an aimless flight. But theirs is not a trackless way. They know they will arrive in some good time.

So it is with nations and with men in this bewildered maze we call our world, this complex map of homelands with ever-changing lines, this once-contented Europe scarred with the monster's heel. Nations and men will find their path, and it will lead them through all these conspiracies and complexities to the simple way of freedom.

Arthur Mee's Immortal Dawn

ILL FARES THE LAND

ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates and men decay; Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade; A breath can make them, as a breath has made; But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, When once destroyed can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began, When every rood of ground maintained its man, For him light labour spread her wholesome store,

Just gave what life required, but gave no more; His best companions, innocence and health; And his best riches, ignorance of wealth. Oliver Goldsmith

THIS POEM WAS DROPPED OVER FRANCE

The stirring poem on the Fall of France from which we take these lines was written by Joseph Auslander, the well-known poet who is now in charge of the Poetry Division of America's Congressional Library. The poem was translated into French and dropped by the R A F over France, and not long after serious riotings against the Nazis broke out and Laval the Judas was shot at.

O JEHANNE, with the trumpets in your name,
By all the lilies of the Oriflamme;
By all the faggots and the final shame,
By all the burning voices at the Tree,
By all the visions that we cannot see,
By all you were that we can never be,
By all the little lambs, by every lark
That spilled a fiery fountain, spark on spark,
Of music to your heart, Jehanne of Arc,
By all your simple strength, and by the few
Straight words like light, and by the dream that grew
In your grey well-spaced eyes until you knew
The work you had to do
(The glory that flared up, and darkened, and withdrew,
The death they did to you)

Is this your France that made the great horn blow
Across the blood-red gap at Roncevaux?
Are these the mighty men Who time and time again
Rebuffed the Roman, broke the Saracen?
Is this indeed the Gaul Who stood, a terrible and living wall
Of flesh and blood and bone and spirit's pith compounded,
Forged in the furnaces of hell, A solid mass
Chanting with hoarse monotonous iteration
The battle cry of a beleaguered nation,
They shall not pass!
(Christ, how that cry resounded!)

And drove the guttural and gloating Hun
Back from the very citadel Of desperate Verdun,
Depleted and defeated and confounded?

O FLASH again, bright shield and furious lance,
And save the soul of France! Strike down the traitor, cut the coward down,
The wolf and buzzard running beak to fang
In field and town!
Ring out, as yesterday you rang, Clarion of hope, bugle of liberation,
To a bewildered and heroic nation
By knave and lout Sold out,
The furtive coin clenched in the shameful fist
Of dupe and parricide and terrorist!

Ah, sweet Jehanne, Jehanne, Now that the spirits of your people languish,
And the grim traps are laid, The sordid ambushade
Wherein, convulsed with unendurable anguish,
France is once more betrayed. Ah, let your piercing clarion Shatter this hideous trance,
This nightmare sickness in the soul of France!
Refuse this foul infection, And, by the virtue of that proud rejection,
Rekindle, repossess The sacred fire, the ancient fearlessness!

RIDE on, Jehanne, ride on and on and on
Through the thick darkness ringing your clarion!



THIS ENGLAND

Crossing the ford on a farm at Redbourn in Hertfordshire

The Horse That Saved Europe

It is not without a thrill of emotion that we read of the increasing part horses are playing in the war, training at home like humans, fighting with the Russians, and bearing the heat and burden of the day on fronts to which the tank has not yet advanced. How much the world has owed in past conflicts to these noble animals only the military historian knows.

It was a horse, for example, that saved Europe in the fiercest hour of her life-and-death struggle with Napoleon. The War of the Hundred Days did not turn wholly on Waterloo, where it ended; there was a terrible preliminary at Quatre Bras two days before.

Here, when the Duke of Brunswick fell at the head of his troops, his infantry wavered and broke, and, seeing the danger, the Duke of Wellington led up the Brunswick Hussars in support, but these also gave way under fire, and the duke and his staff were in danger of capture.

Wellington turned round and rode off, but in his way was a ditch barred by a fence. In the ditch lay the Gordon Highlanders, and the duke had to jump the ditch and clear men to be safe. He called to the Scots to lie still; then, setting his horse at the fence, he cleared it, men, bayonets, and all. But for that successful leap he must have been overpowered by superior numbers of pursuing French cavalry, and the war would doubtless have ended disastrously that day. We had no one to take his place, and Blücher was already defeated at Ligny. But for the horse's great jump there might have been no Battle of Waterloo.

PRIZE STORY FROM PAPUA

The Adventure of Policeman Gagamo of Port Moresby

As the murderous Japs were drawing near New Guinea the government printer at Port Moresby was printing the monthly copy of the Papuan Villager with this story in it, the prize story of the month, for which Gagamo (who related his adventure to the Editor) received five shillings.

ABOUT three years ago Gagamo went out on patrol from Daru with Mr Claude Champion and a number of other policemen. They got on board the Vailala and went up the River Strickland as far as the boat could go. Then they tied her up by the bank and got off all the food and baggage and camped on the shore.

They stayed there a day or two, getting everything ready for the carriers, and then early in the morning started their march away from the river. They went on through the bush until about midday.

While they were waiting Mr Champion told Gagamo to find a tall tree and climb it and look round to see if he could find any villages. So Gagamo put down his rifle and sling-bag and took off his cartridge belt and went off to find a good tree.

Gagamo All Alone

When he found a big tree he tucked his axe into his belt and climbed it. But he found that there were tree-tops all round him and he could not see anything; so he climbed down again. He went up a little hill for another try, but he found it was no good, so he decided to return.

He crossed one little stream and then another; he went up one hill and down again; and another hill and down again; and still he found no police and carriers. He sang out, but no one answered. So he kept on walking.

It was now 6 o'clock, and Gagamo thought about retiring for the night. He did not want

to sleep on the ground, for it was a strange place, so he climbed a tree and cut some boughs with his axe and made a good place to sit in; and so he stayed there all night like a bird in its nest. But he slept badly.

In the morning he got down again and went on his way. But he walked all day for nothing and slept again. This time he did not trouble to climb a tree, but slept on the ground.

Next day he went on again, and came to a small stream. It was very hot, so he thought he would have a bathe.

So far he had not seen any men at all, but while he was splashing in the water two strange natives came creeping along with their bows and arrows.

Gagamo was just pulling himself out of the water by a tree root when they shot. One arrow missed, but the other struck him in the arm, underneath. He jerked it out, seized his axe, which was just lying near, and rushed at the two men. They were so surprised and frightened that they fled.

Gagamo now leant against a tree until the blood stopped flowing from his wound. Then he put on his clothes and picked up the arrow that had wounded him (for evidence when he came to make a case) and went on.

Floating Downstream

Gagamo cannot remember how many days he was wandering in the bush with no proper food to eat—only water to drink. He thinks it was ten or fifteen days. But each day he went a little farther, and at last he came to a river which turned out to be the Strickland. There he made a raft and went floating downstream.

By and by he saw a coconut-tree growing on the bank, the first good food he had seen since the cooks were boiling the rice two weeks ago. So he got his raft ashore and climbed the tree and cut down some nuts, and split them open with his axe and had a good feed.

Next day he cut down all the remaining coconuts and put them on his raft and went floating downstream again. After several days he found the place where the Vailala had anchored and the party had made camp, but there was no sign of anybody.

He stayed a day on shore and then went on down the river. Next day towards evening he met some people. An old woman saw him first and told her son. She said, "What man is that?" and the son came paddling across in a canoe and spoke to him. Gagamo did not know his language, but the man made signs to him to get into his canoe, so he did so, taking his axe with him.

The man's name was Ombure, and he and his old father and mother were good friends to our little policeman and saved his life. They paddled to the village. Then all the people came pressing round, strange faces and not friendly ones. The chief man was named Teteva. He said, "Ombure, we will kill him." But

Ombure folded his arms and sat still and did not speak.

Then the old man, Ombure's father, showed them where his arm had once been broken. Gagamo discovered later that this arm had been broken by a bullet, and now the old man was saying, "If we hurt this policeman, then the Government will be angry and someone else may have his arm broken by another bullet." He asked his son not to listen to Teteva, and then Ombure told all the people to go away, and they went. And so Gagamo was left with his friends.

Back to Good Health

Now they looked at his arm and washed his wound. They made hot water in a green bamboo and poured it on the sore place. Then they gave him sago and meat. Gagamo could hardly eat at first, but he soon began to pick up. He said that after his hunger and wanderings his legs were like pieces of grass. But his friends looked after him so well that he soon got strong.

By now Gagamo was quite well, and he helped Ombure to make a new canoe. In ten days it was finished, and he and Ombure and his father and mother all got in and they went down the Strickland. Ombure had said, "What about the pupupupu?" (by which he meant the Government launch, thinking of the noise of the engine). But Gagamo answered, "When we hear it don't you be frightened. Taubada will give you a knife and axe for being my friend."

So they came to Lake Murray, and there Gagamo found some men who could talk Motu. Next day he even met an old friend, one of the Lake Murray men who had once been a policeman at Daru. So Gagamo felt he was now pretty safe. Then one day they heard the pupupupu.

Now, that night a man had brought news to Mr Champion on the launch that Gagamo was still alive. He could hardly believe it. But next day, as they were nearing the village, they saw the canoe with Gagamo and Ombure standing up in it and paddling out to meet them.

Ombure's Reward

Mr Champion told Gagamo to come on board and tell him all about everything, but he was very shy. He apologised for his dirty skin, but his fellow policemen on the launch brought soap and hot water and he had a good wash; and one of his friends lent him a uniform, and in no time he looked like a policeman again.

Then he could talk better to Mr Champion and told him all his adventures. And he made a very big talk about his friend Ombure who had stood up for him and saved his life. And, as a good end to Gagamo's story, you will be glad to know that Mr Champion thanked Ombure as he deserved, and gave him a long knife, an axe, a parcel of salt, and some calicoes, handkerchiefs, matches, and fish-hooks as a reward for helping one of the Government's men.

5-MINUTE TALK FROM AN ARMY CAMP

Ticking-Up

WHEN I was soldiering in India I knew a lad who wouldn't "tick up."

Now, ticking is a system they had in tuckshops, whereby, if you hadn't any money on you, you could put your name down in the canteen manager's book, and then take away your plate of sausages and mashed potatoes, plus a cup of tea.

"That's all right," you say. "The chap got his pay at the end of the week and then squared up."

But the fellow I am talking about didn't feel comfortable about it. He had been brought up in a Christian home, where debt was considered to be wrong. He wanted that sausage supper, like anything—for, although army rations were good and wholesome, they weren't so cunningly spiced as the fare supplied at Boonerjee's tuckshop. Yet to tick up would be to get into debt, and his father and mother would feel jolly bad about it if they knew. It wasn't as if he owed money to one of his own race; wouldn't it be lowering himself to owe money to a Babu? Weren't Englishmen always honest, men of their word, true?

The Happiest People

So his thoughts went rambling on as he stared across the parade ground into the Indian night, and back to the lantern-lighting eating house, where knives and forks and cups tinkled merrily as his comrades satisfied themselves. They saw no harm in putting their names in the "tick up" book. Perhaps there wasn't any harm.

But our friend didn't tick up, and because his thoughts in the first place centred round the fact that to "tick up" was to be in debt, his thoughts ran along the right lines. The point is that debt does lower one's self-respect. You remember Dickens's Dick Swiveller, who was so involved in debt that there was hardly a street in London he dare walk through lest the sword of Damocles fell, and I can quite understand how uncomfortable my friend would have felt every time he met that Babu.

How many of us are like Longfellow's blacksmith who looked the whole world in the face and owed not any man? You will find that people who are like this blacksmith are the happiest.

One day I hope you will have a home of your own, and if you know that every stick of furniture is paid for, and so rightly yours, and that you owe not any man, you'll be as happy and as fearless, as straight of eye and high of chin, as I know my soldier friend is today.

Rules For Donkeys

Blackpool Watch Committee has passed these rules regarding the use of 300 donkeys employed on the beach:

An 8-hour working day, with an hour off for lunch with saddles loose.

Proper feed and water for lunch.

No one over 16 or over 8 stones to have a ride.

No whips or sticks to be used by attendants.

BEDTIME CORNER



Dreamland

THE TWO FOXES

TWO foxes lived together in a forest. They had never spoken a cross word to each other in their lives.

One day one of them said, "Let us have a quarrel."

"Very well," said the other; "just as you please, my dear, but how shall we begin?"

"Oh, it can't be hard," said the first fox. "The humans quarrel quite easily."

So in all sorts of ways they tried to quarrel, but it could not be done. You see, they were such polite foxes that each would give way to the other.

At last one of them brought two large, round, smooth

stones. "Now," said he, "you say they are yours and I'll say they are mine. Then we can quarrel about them and have a lovely time. I will begin. These stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the first fox. "Don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel?"

Brown Bee, Tell Me

Brown Bee, tell me,

Honey have you got?

No, sir, no, sir,

Honey I have not—

One little sackful

Waits in the hive,

And now for another load

In heather I dive.

PRAYER

HELP me, O Lord, to be Thy faithful and obedient child. Keep me and guard me through this night and bring me safe into another day. Teach me to love Thy ways and to keep Thy laws of mercy and kindness and truth, and crown my life with happiness and health that I may serve Thee well through all my days. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

PREPARING FOR THE BETTER DAYS

In a Country House in Wales

As we all know, thousands of refugees from the devastated countries of Europe have managed to find a new home in Great Britain. Among them are many Czechs from that long country which is shaped like a club, and was one of Hitler's first victims.

But did you know that there are Czech children attending their own school here, a Free Czech Secondary School in this country? The school has now been living for a year in a big country house in the centre of a park in North Wales.

The young Czech pupils are of all ages; there are 80 of them, and they come from every part of Czecho-Slovakia. In this quiet country home they are taught in their native language by the best Czech men and women teachers.

Some of the masters wear their battle dress, for they have been given special leave from the Czech Army in Britain to teach at the school. The headmaster is a young officer of the Czech Army who was a biologist and training instructor of a famous school in his native land. Now he teaches biology to the senior pupils, and physical training to the whole school.

The assistant headmaster is an Englishman who teaches his Czech pupils in chemistry and physics. He taught in Prague for eight years, but left just before the Germans invaded. When he was in Czecho-Slovakia this teacher taught chemistry and physics in English; now he is back in England he teaches the same subjects in Czech! He is married to a Czech girl who helps him at the school. A Czech Doctor of Philosophy and the only other English teacher at the school take charge of the English lessons. All their pupils can now speak good English, while some of the little Czechs are picking up Welsh too. Soon they will speak three languages and be tri-lingual.

Perhaps you heard a recent broadcast in the Children's Hour programme in which these Czech children sang songs and recited poems about their country. When the school started there were no text-books in the Czech tongue,

but this did not daunt these determined Czech teachers, who set to work to write new text-books, which were printed on a machine by men of the Czech Army. Some of the very young children who have lived in foreign countries since their own land was invaded have forgotten their own language. Now they are learning to speak Czech for the second time.

Most of the teachers are quite young, about thirty. Some of the children have their parents here. Others had to leave their fathers and mothers behind in Czecho-Slovakia; they have no relations in Britain and no knowledge of where their parents may be. But the teachers look after the children very kindly; they are like elder brothers and sisters to them. The children are as young as six or as old as eighteen; the elder ones were unable to finish their studies in Czecho-Slovakia and are now working hard to pass matriculation.

It is exciting to see all the children and the masters gathered in the great hall of the house, where the Czech National Arms hangs over the fireplace with the motto of the country, Truth Prevails, and to hear them sing their traditional songs. Children of all types, both dark and very fair, cluster round the walls of the shabby old Welsh mansion to sing their folk songs. Then, if you are lucky, they will dance the Beseda for you.

These small exiles and their devoted teachers have created a tiny portion of Czecho-Slovakia in this old country house in Wales. Here they carry on all the Czech customs which they hope to revive when they return to their native land, where children are now forbidden to speak their own language and are oppressed beneath the conqueror's heel.

An Indian's Way to Whitehall

On a pleasant evening in the middle of May a tall, distinguished-looking Indian faced an audience of nearly 2000 people in London. He was representative of the great country which is now approaching the eve of complete self-government, and the audience of British people saw in him some of the fruits of their century of civilising work in India.

Mr S. E. Runganadhan was presiding at the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society, and in flawless and graceful English he told the story of what he and thousands of his people owe to the Christian Church.

Over eighty years ago his father became a Christian in South India. It was a bold step then for a man belonging to the Mudaliar Caste, and it meant that he was largely cut off from his family. He became a minister associated with the London Missionary Society for forty years in Madras and Bangalore, and

there his son, now Personal Advisor to the Secretary of State at the India Office, grew up and went to the mission school.

India was then only at the beginning of her long quest for education, and the speaker paid tribute to those early missionaries who realised that India must have the best the West could give. He especially remembered two Englishmen, Benjamin Rice, who lived in Bangalore for fifty years, and Mr T. E. Slater, who devoted years of his life to work among the educated classes of India.

As the great audience heard Mr Runganadhan pay tribute to these two men it realised that the courage and self-giving which sent them to India so long ago was bearing fruit today. The speaker himself was a living illustration of the facts he gave.

For from the simple mission school Mr Runganadhan passed to Madras University, where he won first-class honours in English,



Friends

Nearly two years ago this young red deer was found near a North Lancashire farm and since then it has been the inseparable companion of the mare

A Luton Girl's Speech in Russian

BRITISH school children made an interesting link with schools of Russia at a meeting in London where 1000 pupils of London and the Home Counties presented greetings and gifts to Soviet children in this country, who are sending them on to their friends in Russia. A young representative from each area gave greetings to Soviet schools, and Phyllis Ryde, of Luton High School, received a great ovation by delivering hers in excellent Russian. The Soviet children replied in both Russian and English.

The high-light of the gifts was the presentation of over £400, collected from the pocket money of the pupils, which is to provide a mobile X-ray unit for use on the Soviet Front. Important, too, was the hand-work of the schools in paintings of English life, and the records and albums of their school and everyday English lives. These, with a collection of toys, are to be exhibited in London and sent to Moscow, where they will be distributed to young scholars.

BONES

Someone in Scotland anxious to salvage bones is responsible for this clever and arresting notice: We Want All Your Bones Except Your Backbone. Put That Into the War Effort.

and in 1935 he reached the Vice-Chancellorship and was a member of the Legislative Council of the Madras Presidency. Then, when our Government was seeking an Indian adviser at the India Office, it chose this son of an Indian Christian minister.

Mr Runganadhan asked the audience to remember that Indian leadership depended on the educated classes of his country. Much might be done and ought to be done for those of the "depressed classes," but he wanted an India of sound learning and knowledge.

As he gave this evidence of his faith and his belief in his country a sense came over the great audience that here was an Indian they could understand and trust. If India can continue to produce men like this, her future among the nations of the world is assured, and her leaders will be of the highest quality.

A Belgian Boy's Letter to His Mother

We think our readers would like to share the emotions of this letter with the proud parents who received it. Their son was executed in Belgium by Hitler's butchers some weeks ago.

MY VERY DEAR PARENTS, Here I am in my tenth cell. It will be my last and I shall spend only one night in it, for tomorrow, at a quarter to 8, I shall be shot. I heard, without flinching, as indeed my comrades did too, that our appeal for mercy had been rejected. I had been expecting this for some time already, and the nine months spent here had thoroughly prepared me. I am glad that you have kept up your courage during this long ordeal, and thank all those who have helped.

When you read these lines you will have learned of my death. I wish they could help you to bear more easily what for you is a bitter trial, that they could console you and help you to face life which must continue for you. It is God's will. . . . But I do not know just what to say to you. Believe me I do not suffer. Thanks to you, my life was a full and happy one. I have laughed more in my 26 years than many others have done who have lived three times as long. I lived for my country and regret nothing . . . unless it be that I miss your tender love and your presence.

For me the ordeal will not be so hard; in a little while, about midnight, I shall assist at Mass and take the Sacrament. A few hours later I shall leave this life and shall be again with my little sister Georgette, with whom, from then on, I shall be able to love and protect you both far better than I could have done in this life.

I ask you, mother, whom I have loved so much and whom I have always looked upon as a

saint, to forgive me the trials and sufferings I have caused you. Your faith will bear you up, and you can lavish that love you had for me on my nieces and my dearest friends. And you, father, whom I have always so deeply respected, I ask you to bear this ordeal as a man. During my life I have certainly not always given you the satisfaction you had every right to expect from me, but I think that now you can be proud of me.

I say goodbye to you, dear parents, and embrace you for the last time with all my heart. Don't cry, we shall meet again one day. YOUR SON.

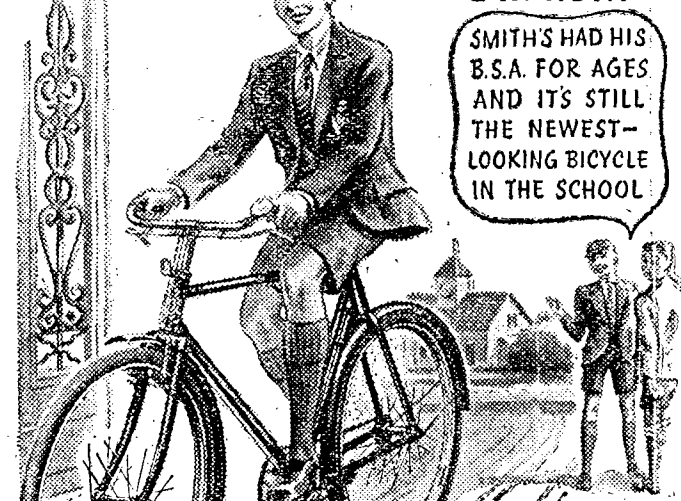
WHY BRANDY?

A public man has written to the Press praising brandy as an ally of the doctor treating cases of dangerous illness, and proposing that this spirit should be reserved for those for whom it is prescribed by the physician.

It may be well, therefore, to recall that the great Sir Victor Horsley, the most renowned brain surgeon who ever lived, who performed operations of the extreme delicacy and complexity on the brain and spinal column, sternly forbade the use of brandy or any other form of alcohol to patients under his care. Sal volatile, sips of hot drinks, these were the restoratives and stimulants in moments of weakness or relapse on which his marvellous cures were based. He was against alcohol for any use whatever, and there is none to answer him if we judge by his achievements.

Of course you'd like a

BSA too—but you may have to wait a while...



BSA's are scarce to-day

... because the splendid materials that go into them are needed for special wartime uses; and of course munition workers must have first chance of those that are being made. We know you won't mind waiting a while for your B.S.A.—you'll find it well worth waiting for. A B.S.A. stays shiny-new much longer, and every single part is perfectly finished.

You can still have a free catalogue if you write to:—
Dept. N.1/8
B.S.A. CYCLES LTD.,
BIRMINGHAM, 11

CURE

JACK: You look very tired. What is the matter with you?

Tom: Well, I snore so loudly that I keep waking myself up all night. Can you suggest a remedy?

Jack: You should sleep in another room.

Birds

How many birds are there in the world? Nobody knows, but the U.S. Department of Agriculture has estimated their number to be 75,000 millions. This means there are about 75 birds for every human being.

Proverbs About Friends

A FRIEND in need is a friend indeed.

The way to have a friend is to be one.

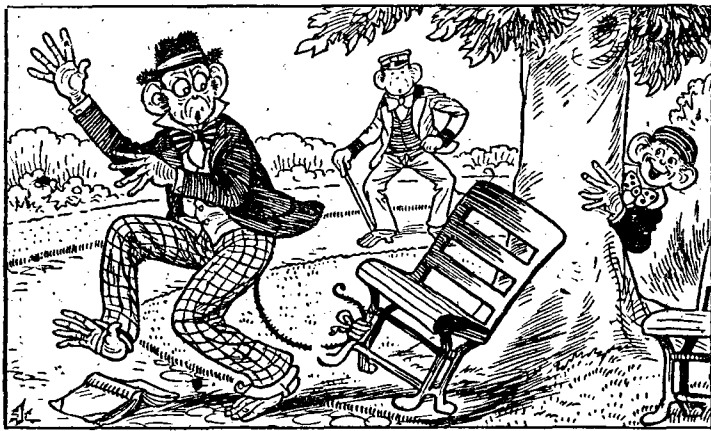
A friend is not so soon gotten as lost.

Have few friends though much acquaintance.

All men's friend, no man's friend.

Be slow in choosing a friend, but slower in changing him.

Jacko in the Park



A Jacko was idling along in the park one sunny morning he saw old Professor Pongo deeply engrossed in a book. "Nothing would take his attention from that," thought Jacko, as an idea came to him. Quietly approaching, he tied the Professor's tail to the park chair, and then withdrew behind a friendly tree-trunk. Presently the Professor rose to go home, and as he moved off the chair went too! Seeing the park-keeper hurrying along, Jacko suddenly remembered that it was lunch-time!

THE BRAN TUB

Look Ahead

SCHOOLROOM and playground
For work and for mirth,
Such was God's purpose
In shaping the Earth:
Work to grow greater,
Play to be strong,
March to the future
With sword and song,
Loving the good and true,
Smiting the wrong.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the west, Mars is in the south-west, and Neptune is in the south. In the morning Venus is in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, June 7.



INSUFFICIENT

A SAVAGE heard that white men sleep on feather beds, so he found a feather, placed it on a board, and slept on it. In the morning he woke up stiff and cramped, so he threw the feather away, convinced that white men were not so wise as he had thought.

Fashion Notes

THE great wide slashed leather shoes of the time of Henry VIII came into fashion because Henry had swollen feet.

The great "ruffs" round the neck began when a leader of fashion had a swollen throat.

Flowing locks ceased to be the thing when Francis I of France was wounded in the head and the surgeons cut his hair.

When Henry IV turned grey his courtiers powdered their hair.

When Marie Antoinette lost her hair through illness big caps and bonnets became the rule.

BEHEADED WORD

WHEN I am complete a Church-man I name,
Beheaded, I mean to recite.
Beheaded again, I am flushed with success;
Once more, and I'm far in the night.
Decapitate now, I tell you I dined;
Curtailed, a preposition's in sight.

How Marlborough Wrote His Name

JOHN CHURCHILL, Duke of Marlborough, was one of the greatest soldiers in history. His

Marlborough
famous victories were Blenheim, Malplaquet, and Ramillies. He was born in June 1650 and died in June 1722.

The Pessimist's Epitaph

I, DIONYSIUS, lie here, sixty years old. I am of Tarsus. I never married and I wish my father never had.

From a tomb in old Greece

FRIEND OR FOE?

Carion Crow



THE carrion crow, unlike its cousin the rook, is a solitary bird, and may be identified by this fact and its big, black beak. The food of this bird consists of anything and everything: eggs, young birds, rats, moles, young rabbits, fruit, grain, roots, and even insects. To the poultry farmer and farmer generally the carrion crow is a harmful bird, and its numbers are usually kept down, especially by the game-keeper.

Betty at Bedtime

It isn't fair. At night I am too little to stay up, and in the morning I am too big to stay in bed.

Do You Live at Reading?

IN the old chronicles Reading is spelled Readingas, and the meaning is the "home of the descendants of Reada." That is a personal name meaning Red, and we have it today in the surnames Reid and Reade. Probably a red-haired or red-faced man lived at the place where Reading now stands, and as his descendants continued to live there the place was named after them.

The Children's Newspaper, June 6, 1942

SMALL BEGINNING

A WEE coral polyp, they say,
In a time that is ages
away,
Built its own little home
Beneath fathoms of foam—
It's a jolly big island today!

Satisfied

THE advertisement had said "Money returned if not satisfactory," and a customer who was far from satisfied asked for his money back.

"But," protested the shopman, "I am pleased to say that I found your money entirely satisfactory."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

How Many Officers?
Twenty-five

Hidden Trees
Elm, oak, aspen,
beech, fir, ash, larch,
yew, pine, maple.

FA	NE	STAR
ICE	EERIE	
NOTED	IRE	
DR	AIDE	L
NURTURE		
SLIM	ARD	
ASH	OPERA	
STERN	ROT	
TYRE	MERE	

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inqueduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inqueduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.



THE INQUEDUCT HOLDS THE INK.

High-class stationers stock—or particulars can be obtained from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., on application.

Gillott's Pens
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.



Toffee
Control price 5^d PER QUARTER

DELIGHTS • STRENGTHENS • SUSTAINS

IS EMPIRE WORTH WHILE?

Boy. May I ask you whether Empire is worth while? I suppose I ought to put the query in several ways.

I might ask you whether any people has the right morally to rule another people, or I might inquire whether, if an empire is founded, it can be preserved. Again, I might ask whether, at any central point in the world, rulers can have sufficient knowledge of populations at a distance to rule them with understanding and justice.

Man. Your questions are very searching. The Roman Empire, which at one time included the greater part of Europe, together with North Africa and parts of Asia, was not built in a day, and if we count years from the naval battle of Actium in 31 B.C. down to the last emperor in 476 A.D., the Roman Empire had a life of nearly five centuries. In that period Rome gave law and civilisation to a great part of the world, and still the white nations use or study Roman law, and by founding colonies have largely made it world law.

But it was impossible for Rome to do more; the wonder is that she did so much and lasted so

long. Upon her ruins modern Europe was built by slow and painful degrees, and still the struggle continues. Thus we have light thrown on part of your inquiry. Rome preserved her Empire so long by interfering as little as possible with the internal affairs of the nations or tribes she conquered. Chiefly she asked them for military service. She was wise enough by non-interference to leave communities to make their own local laws and practise their own religions.

Boy. Isn't that what, in effect, the British Empire does?

Man. Yes. It was found in practice in Canada, in South Africa, in Australia, and elsewhere that self-government enabled far-off peoples to find their own way to prosperity, and where, as in Canada and South Africa, foreign races were incorporated in the colony, to reconcile them to the British connection. In great parts of the Empire, however, the chief of which is India, such full freedom has not yet been arrived at, largely owing to religious creeds. We have the great advantage over ancient Rome of rapid communication, which, if used wisely, is a very important thing.

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. It seems to me then that empire, in the sense of one nation ruling others, is passing away, and that whatever advantage remains to our Commonwealth of Nations is one of free association for mutual benefit.

Man. Yes. But again, if a great federation is formed or developed to withhold from the world at large the obvious benefits of possessing, or having access to, the world's land and materials, there will be continuous trouble, dispute, and causes for war. That is why the recent Atlantic Charter undertakes to provide all States, great or small, victor or vanquished, with access to the trade and raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity.

Boy. So it comes to this: there is no room in the world for an Empire unless it means freedom?

Man. That is so. There is room for a world federation of peoples obeying a common law of respect for each other, of desire to be helpful to each other, of determination to make the world and its resources of the best possible use to every community, every family, and every human being.



Mother! Give Constipated Child 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative, and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and stimulates the liver and bowels without cramp-

ing or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'